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RELIABLE MAKES
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Haven't you been putting off just a little bit too long getting those glasses you need?
EVERYTHING RIGHT OUR GUARANTEE

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BRING YOUR CREAM TO US
Highest Cream Tests last week Robt. Allen 40. Wm. McCullough 39.
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BAKERS, ACTON
Having purchased the Statham Bakery business, which has been conducted since May last by Mr. W. Woodcock, we will conduct it on the old satisfactory lines which made the Statham business so popular for the thirty years they were in business in Acton.
The many customers will be served regularly with wholesome White and Brown Bread and Buns, and very shortly an attractive line of Cakes will be added.
The Statham record of past years will be maintained. Your orders will be appreciated.
M. Edwards & Co.
Church St., Acton

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Wholesale Commission Merchants
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Are in the Turnip business at Acton as usual and will continue permanently.
Highest cash prices paid for any quantity of good quality turnips delivered at Acton station.

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Points with pride to its long list of successful graduates. A high standard is always maintained here. Write for our Catalogue, sent demand for our students.
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GINGING BETTER THAN SIGHING

If things don't go to suit you,
What use to frown and sigh?
You can't frown back the sunshine
That's shining from the sky.
Nor frown away the winter
In wishing it were spring.
The wisest thing to do, my friend,
Is just keep sweet—and sing.

A song will ease one's burden
Seem lighter, while a sigh
Adds to the load we carry;
We can't tell how or why.
We only know it does it
And that the lilt and swing
Of cheerful song makes happy heart;
So just keep sweet—and sing.

Don't fret and fume and worry,
And make things worse, say I,
Since we can't help what's happened;
So laugh away the sigh
And trust that on the morrow
The clouds will all take wing,
Believing God knows what is best;
So just keep sweet—and sing.
—Presbyterian of the South

SIX HUNDRED BUSHELS OF POTATOES

C. A. STEPHENS

THREE dollars and a half for a bushel of potatoes, and they may be five if the war goes on," a prominent dealer said recently. "This German war has ourdone the Colorado potato beetle as a price raiser."

That brought vividly to my mind the time when the Colorado beetle, on its eastward migration, first reached the old squire's farm in Maine. Farmers said to one another that the days of raising potatoes were past. Paris green, London purple, bug death and other insect poisons had not yet come into use. There seemed little use in planting a crop, for a few weeks later the pest would devour the young shoots. The price of potatoes soon rose from fifty cents a bushel—the usual price—to two dollars.

At our old farm in Maine the only way we could think of to escape the pest was to plant our potatoes at some remote clearing in the wilderness, miles from any other farm. We hoped that the pest would not cross wide tracts of woods. At one of the old squire's forest lots that bordered the upper course of Lurvey's Stream there was a sunny opening where the forest fire had burned off the growth and left a plot of two or three acres of brown alluvial loam. It bore grass, and we had stacked hay there for the logging camps. We decided that that opening, seven miles away in the woods, might be safe for a crop of potatoes.

The drawback to cultivating the land was that it was so very inaccessible. There was no road to it, and on account of intervening gullies, swamps and brooks, we could not build one without heavy expense. In winter, of course, we could travel on the ice of the stream that bordered the opening.

The plan that we finally hit upon was to load a plough, a harrow and the seed potatoes—twelve bushels—in a bateau such as Maine lumbermen often use on rivers, and to pole the craft upstream to the opening. The span of horses for ploughing we led there, singly and unharnessed through the woods.

Farmers usually allow from seven to ten bushels of seed potatoes to an acre; but by cutting off the seed ends of the potatoes, before starting and leaving the butts at home, we managed to make twelve bushels serve for seeding about two and a half acres.

The land ploughed easily, for it was loose new loam—fine soil for potatoes. We needed no fertilizer, and we had no weeds to contend with; the seeds of barn grass, nettle, dock and other noxious weeds had not ye found their way to that little sylvan nook. Working there was a pleasure. After we had got the seed into the ground, all the care that we had to give to the crop was two days of hilling in the latter part of June.

And how those potatoes grew! The stalks literally covered the ground. Later, when the blossoms fruited in clusters of green potato balls, we might have gathered a cartload of them.

In September, when fronts came, the crop of luxuriant pink-white potatoes fully bore out the promise of blossom and ball. One cuff of the hoe would disclose a dozen or more large, clear tubers, ready to be gathered up in baskets. Not a bug had found its way there.

When we dug them up they lay in veritable windrows across the flat—seven hundred bushels of them, at least.

The question then arose—a question to which we had given little thought thus far—how we were to transport all of those potatoes through the woods. At that season of the year it was virtually impossible. We realized that not until Lurvey's Stream froze could we get them home, or to market. Meanwhile, what could we do with them? In Maine, after the first of October, freezing nights are likely to occur at any time.

The old squire came up and looked the situation over. "We shall have to dig them in, and leave them here till snow comes," he said; and he set our three hired men at work to dig a potato pit, or cellar, in the side of a shady bank near the stream. They prepared a kind of cavern in the dry earth, and covered in the entire crop first with boughs and then with earth, shovelled down from the top of the bank.

Except for twenty bushels that we drew home on sleds, in December, the whole crop lay there until the first week in March, when the old squire contracted to deliver six hundred bushels in Portland at two dollars a bushel.

Moving potatoes in winter weather is always a ticklish business, since potatoes freeze even more readily than apples; and the slightest chill turns potato starch to sugar and gives the tubers an unpleasant sweetish taste when cooked. We would have waited until April, but it was necessary to haul them down the stream on the ice, and the ice would not hold much longer. Throughout January and February there had been a winter road on the stream, and it appeared still to be safe.

The nearest railway station was fourteen miles away. The old squire had reserved for the fourth of March two box cars that had stoves in them; and it was necessary to have the potatoes there on that day, he hired four teamsters with their teams. We reckoned that a hundred bushels was a sled load for a span of horses, and so, with our own two teams, were prepared to carry the load.

At that time potatoes were generally shipped in burlap sacks instead of barrels; each sack held a bushel and a half. The old squire had bought four hundred of those sacks. On the second day of March we opened the pit in the sandy bank beside the stream. The potatoes had kept well; only a few of them had rotted.

We started at three o'clock that morning, and, by eight o'clock the six loads were on their way down the stream. The old squire sent them off, one after the other, with a distance of a hundred yards or more between them in order not to bring too great weight on the ice at any one place.

"Keep apart," he told the teamsters. "Don't drive close up one behind another. If the head team stops, you must all stop and wait till it starts on."

But when they were about three miles on their way, at a point where the stream turns round a wooded bluff, the forward team broke a whiffle tree, and, without signalling back, the driver stopped to patch it up. Unmindful of the old squire's orders, those behind kept on, closing up as they came round the bend, until all six teams were not far apart.

As the drivers puttered with the broken whiffletree, they noticed that water was gushing up on the ice; and before they could either back their teams or start on, the ice slowly sank down under them, and left their loads in three feet or more of icy water.

A great commotion ensued, while the men shouted and lashed their horses in an attempt to pull out. The ice cracked and settled lower still. Fortunately, the stream was only a few feet deep there, or the horses would have been drowned and the loads lost. The ice kept settling until it rested on the bottom; and there they all were, the horses up to their sides in water, the drivers wading about, and the sleds more than half submerged.

At that moment the old squire, Addison, Halstead and I came up. We had stayed behind to close up the pit, in order to keep the rest of the potatoes from freezing.

We got the horses out and then, with a long warping line tried to pull the loads out on the firmer ice below. A bitter wind had risen, and we were all of us soon wet to our waists. It was a discouraged crowd that toiled for hours that day to save those potatoes.

At last, about sunset, we got the last of the six loads on to firm ice close to the bank where the fir woods bordered the stream. But the old squire, who was pretty thoroughly chilled was about ready to give up.

"We may as well drop it and go home," he said. "It'll be zero weather before morning. Those potatoes will freeze here in spite of all we can do. If we go on with them, they will freeze on the way."

But six hundred bushels of potatoes! Twelve hundred dollars' worth! It seemed to us nothing short of calamity.

"Don't you suppose, sir, that we might build a fire close by the sleds, and perhaps keep them from freezing?" Addison suggested. "I read that a man in Florida saved his orange orchard that way."

Addison referred to one of the first accounts published of attempts to ward off a frost by kindling fires in the open.

"I'm afraid it will be colder here before morning than it ever is in Florida," the old squire replied. "And more than half the sacks are wet."

"But we might save part of them."

"Maybe," the old squire said dubiously. "Well, you can try. We can at least dry our feet by the fire."

There were axes with the sleds, and there were plenty of fir trees—soft wood—at hand with pitchy branches and boughs that make a hot fire. Within five minutes after the word was given, trees were crashing down and the branches being lopped off. We drew the sleds up close together, piled the green boughs on the bank to the windward of them and made great piles of them where the heat would be wafted over the loads of sacks. When it was lighted, the blaze streamed up ruddily in the gathering dusk, and a mighty crackling resounded far and wide.

Cold as the night was growing, the heat to the leeward of the sleds was intense. The wet sacks were soon steaming visibly. The old squire however, was still doubtful about the success of the plan.

"It's not enough here now," he said. "But you'll have to keep this up. If you let the fires go down even for half an hour, the potatoes will freeze. You will have to work all night, boys."

"Well, we will!" said Addison resolutely.

"But you'll need food before morning, and these teams must be looked to and fed."

After some discussion the two hired men and the old squire went to the farm with the horses to feed and to bring back some supper.

As the evening drew on the wind died away, and we kindled several fires on the other side of the sleds. At Addison's suggestion, too, we covered the loads with boughs, so that the hot air from the fires would be held in the interstices of the twigs.

About midnight, or later, the old squire and one of the hired men returned, with horse and pung. They brought some food from home—kept warm by hot bricks wrapped in blankets.

Finding that the potatoes were not freezing, the old squire took heart a little and worked as hard as any of us. It was indeed a stiff fight with the cold—an unremitting battle that lasted all night long—felling trees, lopping off the branches and dragging them forward to renew the fires.

At daylight the old squire sent Halstead and me and the hired man home, to bring more food and the teams. The weather had moderated somewhat, but he told us to collect every blanket and coverlet that the old farmhouse could muster and to bring them back with us.

We returned with a miscellaneous assortment of household gear, including old coats, cloaks, rug carpets, and two disused feather beds! We covered the potatoes with them, and shortly before eleven o'clock made a second start. Thus protected and tucked in, so to speak, the potatoes safely made the journey to the railway station. Once we got them aboard the cars with the box stoves our worry ceased.

The old squire went to Portland by train the next morning to attend himself to the delivery of the consignment. He received the amount that had been agreed upon—two dollars a bushel—but the total sum was one hundred dollars less than he had expected. For, in spite of our efforts, about fifty bushels of the potatoes at the bottom of the loads had frozen.

Afterwards, too, one of the Portland dealers told the old squire that one or two of his customers had remarked that those potatoes seemed to have an odd, faint smoky smell that they could not account for! The dealer laughed heartily when the old squire told him how those potatoes got to market.

For two seasons thereafter we raised potatoes at that opening in the woods, and then the bugs found them. By that time, however, Paris green had begun to be used, and we were able to check the ravages of the potato beetle.—Youths' Companion.

JOYS OF THE UPWARD CLIMB

By Rev. C. W. Hardon

Who would not endure suffering for the divine inspirations and the blessed joys of life to be had no other way? What lover of nature would stop to complain of his blistered feet, aching limbs, parched lips, and weary body when above and beyond there await the inspirations, the enchantments, and the glory of the mountain tops? And those who would stop to grumble about the momentary physical discomforts along the rugged trail would be incapable of enjoying the glory of the sunrise; and their puny souls would find no delight in the far-flung snow-capped mountain range, rolling plains, and peaceful valleys. To such sordid souls the sublime glories of the rising sun would be only a reminder of the day's routine tasks; and the most beautiful sunset, with all its marvellous splendors, would be only an unpleasant reminder of milking time.

The traveller who sits down by the side of the road to fret and whine about the dust and weariness of the way will not enter the beautiful city with joyous optimism, a worthy recipient of the whole-hearted hospitality accorded to the stranger within the gates and prepared to become a desirable citizen of that city. For the traveller with the forward look there is exhilaration in the weariness of the dusty highway, as through faith he feels the cooling sprays from the sparkling fountains, hears the birds singing in the trees, and listens to the care-free laughter of the children in the flowering parks of the distant city. To the brave heart there is wild joy in the upward climb along the rugged cliffs, far out above the yawning chasms, into the cloud banks, and upward through the drifting snows to the majestic peaks of God's eternal mountains.

"Forward, face forward, O man in your might,
Dauntless, courageous from morning till night;
Not thinking so much of the day with its store
Nor scanning the dim past, so rich in its lore.
Let not the distant future bring you a fear,
The present be lost in sentimental tear.
Forward like a man, for woe or for weal;
World tasks now await you worthy your steel.
Onward and upward, eaglelike in your flight,
To mountain top joy, inspiration, and light."

THE QUESTION OF SUGAR

What the Food Controller says: The production of the beet sugar in France this year has been estimated at only 207,000 tons, as compared with an average annual production during the five years before the war (1909-13) of 762,542. Normal consumption in France is 704,830 tons. The beet sugar production of Italy has also been reduced from a pre-war average of 211,050 tons to 75,000 tons. The pre-war annual consumption of sugar in the United Kingdom was 2,056,000 tons, all of which had to be imported. About 70 per cent. of the supply of the United Kingdom came from countries from which it is now cut off by the war. Great Britain, France and Italy would require to import about 2,700,000 tons before the next crop—and most of it from new sources—if they were to maintain their normal consumption.

But the necessity of conserving supplies of sugar, which was emphasized by the shortage of shipping, has resulted in stern economies among the Allies. Before the war, England had the largest per capita consumption of sugar of any nation—93 1-3 pounds per person per year. This has now been reduced to 36 pounds per person per year, or about one ounce per day per person. In Great Britain prices have now been fixed for jams and jellies. There is no sugar for the home-made product. In France the people are on rations of 1.1 pounds per person per month, which the Government distributes at about 25 cents per pound. In Italy because of the shortage of sugar supplies, the Government has not a retail price of $1.25 for a box containing 3.3 pounds. In Germany the present sugar ration is only .77 pounds per person per month. In the United States and Canada the per capita monthly consumption of sugar is about 7.4 pounds.

The Food Controller has asked Canadians to reduce their consumption of sugar by at least 7 ounces per week per person, and, in order to provide larger supplies to meet the necessary requirements of the Allies, a further reduction to 3 pounds per person per month may be urged. Steps have already been taken to curtail the use of cane sugar in candy-making and the use of sugar or molasses in distillation of potable liquors has been prohibited.

About 60 per cent. of the sugar consumed in North America is imported from Cuba so that the Cuban product is the dominating market factor. The International Sugar Commission, representing the Allied Countries, as well as the United States Food Administration and the Food Controller for Canada, is endeavoring to secure the Cuban production at a reasonable price. By curtailing consumption in this country so that the necessity of securing the Cuban crop is not so urgent, the people of Canada will be assisting the Sugar Commission, the Allied countries and Cuba alike in obtaining supplies for spring and summer at lower prices than would otherwise be possible.

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF

One of the first essentials to success is to learn to believe in yourself. The right sort of self-confidence makes obstacles appear insignificant, while the prizes of life do not seem a bit out of proportion to the efforts. The people who believe themselves destined to do big things in the world are not foolish and conceited, but only loyal to the faith that is in them. Nobody was born to be a nonentity. If you accept that role, you are thwarting the will of your Creator.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, January 6th, 1898

It was eight degrees below zero on Sunday morning.

Mr. J. D. McKee, the new druggist, opened his drug and stationery store in Mrs. Secord's Block yesterday.

A Band of Hope will be formed at the Disciples' Church to-night.

A meeting was held last week at which "The Crokinole Club" was organized. This club has for its object the purchase of a piano for the town hall. The following officers were elected: President, William Williams; Vice-President, Mrs. C. H. Smith; Treasurer, Mrs. A. Secord; Secretary, J. A. Murray; Asst. Sec., Miss Jennie Fyfe.

The municipal elections were quiet and with the best of feelings in all quarters. A very large vote was polled. For the Council Messrs. James Clark, John Clarke, J. A. Murray, and Isaac Francis were successful and in the election of Public School Trustees George Hynds, Robert Holmes and Dr. Uren, were chosen to fill the vacancies.

At London after the election returns had been received over 2,000 persons crowded into the city hall to hear the speeches of the successful candidates. During the programme the floor of the hall gave way and twenty three persons were crushed to death.

From all over the province comes the statement from the merchants that the holiday business this season has been better than for years back.

Knox Church Sunday School held their annual New Year's entertainment on Monday evening. The programme was varied and afforded a succession of surprises. The piece that most delighted the audience was "John Brown's Little Indian." The usual presentation of holiday gifts to the scholars concluded the evening's proceedings.

QUIRKS OF MIND AND TONQUE

I.

Fifty years ago a group of girls sat in front of a glowing fire in the dormitory of a Western "female seminary." Some one suggested pop corn, but they had no popper. Finally, one of the girls said, half in a spirit of bravado, "I'm going to ask Miss Peabody for hers."

Miss Peabody was the principal, a formidable person, of whom the whole school stood in awe.

"You don't dare!" cried one of the other girls. But the rash one had courage, and without further words started for the principal's quarters. Her courage, however, began to ooze as she approached the august door, and when the door opened to her timorous knock all she could say was, "I—I—please, M—miss Cornbody, may I take your peapopper?"

At luncheon time at a famous boy's school, when the pupils were eating as only hungry boys can, one of them, seeing a bowl of gravy on the other side of the table and finding that he could not reach it even by "making long arms," said to the boy sitting opposite, "Say, Jim, please pass that gravy of bowly."

Since introductions impose more or less strain on the equanimity of those who are called upon to make them, they have produced as might have been expected, their full share of the quirks of speech.

At a dinner of engineers last winter the toast-master introduced one of the speakers in these words: "Mr. Ferguson will now tell us something about shocks, a subject on which he is eminently fitted to speak, since he has long been known as one of our wive liros."

When Gov. Myron T. Herrick was a candidate for re-election as governor of Ohio he addressed a meeting at Xenia, where he was introduced by the chairman of the local Republican committee. The introductory speech was fitting and eloquent, and all went well until the end, when the chairman in a moment of embarrassment, got the governor's name wrong end foremost, and introduced him as "Gov. Hiram T. Merrick."

WAR AND ALCOHOL

To the Editor:—

A great cry has gone up from the liquor people against prohibition, because alcohol is necessary for national preparedness. But is it necessary to sell it for beverage purposes and continue the work of drunkard-making in order that alcohol may be manufactured? We think not.

No one would say that we should curtail our supply of ether in order to increase our supply of beverages. As a local anaesthetic and for a multitude of purposes ether, so largely made of alcohol, finds wide use in time of war.

It may be used with kerosene as a substitute for gasoline in motor cars, and as a cleaning solution for guns.

Alcohol is a fundamental necessity in the manufacture of explosives. Consider its comparative importance in war time for beverages or explosives.

As a fuel alcohol finds a great use, and fuel will be in great demand as the war goes on. Emergencies will arise, so that it will be necessary to see that there is no curtailment of this source.

For a great number of medicinal purposes alcohol is essential. The preparation of dye-stuffs and the manufacture of many shellacs and varnishes depends on it.

Wood alcohol if used for such purposes is highly dangerous. Chemists say it is "impossible" as its vapors are blinding.

Don't clean the distilleries bill, only transform them. Instead of making alcohol for drinks, make it for the manufacture of explosives, for ether and for medicinal purposes, for fuel, for dyes, and shellacs; make it for every use to which the chemists can put it in this supreme moment when everything must go into the melting pot to be turned to the nation's greatest good.—J. H. Haslewood, Department of Social Service.

PERSISTENCE

Supposin' fish don't bite at first,
What are you goin' to do,
Throw down your pole, chuck out your bait,
And say your fishin's through?

You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, and wait
Until you've ketched a basketful
Or used up all your bait.

Suppose success don't come at first,
What are you goin' to do;
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself,
And growl, and fret, and stew?

You bet you ain't, you're goin' to work,
And work, and work, and grin,
Until success does come your way—
For "grit" is sure to win!

SOMETHING TO AIM AT

Years ago, when a pupil in an old frame schoolhouse, I went with a number of boys one afternoon in winter to have some sport. A light snow had fallen. It was too dry for snowballing not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in.

It was proposed that we go to a tree near the center of the meadow and that each one should start from the tree and see who could make the straightest track—that is, to go from the tree in the nearest approach to a straight line. We ranged ourselves around it with our backs toward the trunk. We were equally distant from each other. If each had gone forward in the right line, the paths we made would have been like the spokes of a wheel, the tree representing the nave. We were to go till we reached the boundaries of the meadow, when we were to retrace our steps to the tree.

I wish I could give a map of our tracks.

"Whose is the straightest?" asked James Alison.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all.

"That's a fact," said James. "They look more like snake tracks than straight lines."

"How could we all make them so crooked when the ground is smooth and nothing to turn us out of the way?" said Jacob Small.

"How did you come to go so straight, Henry?" asked Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that pine tree on the hill yonder and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

"I went as straight as I could, without looking at anything at all but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others. No one but Henry had aimed at a particular object.

We attempted to go straight without any definite aim. We failed. So it will be with men forever who have no mark in view.—Selected.

PICKING OUT A WINNER

Little incidents sometimes start successful men on their way to the top rungs of the ladder, but generally it is character that makes the incident possible, as in this anecdote of Charles M. Hays, the builder of one of the Canadian transcontinental railways. A contributor to Opportunity tells the story.

In the beginning of big business in railway history a man named Talmage became vice president and general manager of the Gould lines with headquarters at St. Louis, Mr. Talmage wanted a confidential secretary, and proceeded to choose him in his own way. He went to the passenger department to look over the clerks, and found all of them except one either chatting or watching the clock. This one he approached and asked the time. There was no answer. Resting his hand on the desk, Mr. Talmage repeated the question. The clerk came out of his preoccupation and looked up with his pen in the air.

"I—I beg you pardon," he said. "Did you speak to me?"

"I merely asked what time it is. That was all," said Mr. Talmage.

The young man looked around three sides of the room and finally found the clock on the fourth.

"Eleven-fifty," said he, and went on with his work.

"Thank you," said Mr. Talmage, and went away. The next morning Chas. M. Hays, the clerk who had to search for the clock, was in a new place at the big man's elbow.

BOY SCOUTS TO BE TAUGHT FIRST AID TO AUTOS

A movement has been started to give systematic instruction in autorepair work to the Boy Scouts of the country, it is reported by a supposed authority. If this is true, the Boy Scouts will be able to render practical first aid to motorists who are stalled by the roadside on account of minor troubles. Two classes of instruction are to be given, with the co-operation of Scoutmasters, each consisting of three lessons. The first series will be simple, designed especially for the younger Scouts, while the second course of lessons is intended for the older members of the organization. Scoutmasters will be provided with printed instruction sheets from the headquarters of the movement, and the lessons will be supplemented by lectures by automobile experts to the Scout companies of their respective communities.

EXPERIENCED

When the very young offer any suggestions to the aged they must be prepared to have their offerings received without much enthusiasm. Gen. H. C. Lowther, in his recent book, From Pillar to Post, tells the following story, which is to the point:

One day Li Hung-chang, the Chinese statesman, was discussing with a distinguished American a question of local self-government.

"I wonder," said the American "why you have not adopted in China some system of decentralization and of delegation of power to municipal and local authorities—such as we have in the United States."

"We did try an analogous system," replied Li Hung-chang. "It was—let me see—about seventeen hundred or more years before the Christian era. It did not prove to be entirely successful, and we have not since reverted thereto."

PITY FATHER

Carl, aged 3, and his baby sister of 18 months slept in the same room as their parents. Carl woke up early and tormented his still sleepy father with questions.

"Father, can a cow speak?"

"No, my child."

"Father, can a dog speak?"

The father, thinking Carl was going through the entire list of animals that he knew, said sweetly:

"No animal can speak. And you must now keep quiet, for father wants to sleep."

For a long time the child remained quiet; then being no longer able to restrain his curiosity, he asked timidly:

"Father, what kind of an animal is baby?"